

But soft, me thinks I sent the Mornings Ayre;  
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,  
My custome alwayes in the afternoone;  
Vpon my secure hower thy Vncle stole  
With iuyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,  
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure  
The leperous Distilment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,  
That swift as Quick-siluer, it courses through  
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;  
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse  
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,  
The thin and whollome blood: so did it mine;  
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,  
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
All my smooth Body.  
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,  
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht;  
Cut off even in the Blossomes of my Sinne,  
Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnnaneld,  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head;  
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:  
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;  
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be  
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.  
But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,  
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue  
Against thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,  
And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,  
To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;  
The Glow-worme shows the Matine to be neere,  
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:  
Adue, adue, Hamlet: remember me. *Exit.*

*Ham.* Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els  
And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;  
And you my sinewes, grow nor instant Old;  
But beare me stiffely vp: Remember thee?  
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate  
In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?  
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,  
Ile wipe away all trauall fond Records,  
All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past,  
That youth and obseruation toppied there;  
And thy Commandment all alone shall liue  
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,  
Vnmixt with baser matter; yes, yes, by Heauen:  
Oh most pernicious woman!  
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!  
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,  
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke;  
So Vncle there you are: now to my word;  
It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me: I haue sworn't.

*Hor. & Mar. within.* My Lord, my Lord,

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Mar.* Lord Hamlet.

*Hor.* Heauen secure him.

*Mar.* So be it.

*Hor.* Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

*Mar.* How is't my Noble Lord?

*Hor.* What newes, my Lord?

*Ham.* Oh wonderfull!

*Hor.* Good my Lord tell it.

*Ham.* No you'l trecale it.

*Hor.* Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.

*Mar.* Nor I, my Lord.

*Ham.* How say you then, would heart of man once  
But you'll be secret? *(think it)*

*Boib.* I, by Heau'n, my Lord.

*Ham.* There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke  
But hee's an arrant knaue.

*Hor.* There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the  
Graue, to tell vs this.

*Ham.* Why right, you are 't' right;  
And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:  
You, as your busines and desires shall point you:  
For every man ha's businesse and desire,  
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,  
Looke you, Ile goe pray.

*Hor.* There are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

*Ham.* I'm sorry they offend you heartily:  
Yes faith heartily.

*Hor.* There's no offence my Lord.

*Ham.* Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is my Lord,  
And much offence too, touching this Vision here:  
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:  
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,  
O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,  
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,  
Giue me one poore request.

*Hor.* What is't my Lord? we will.

*Ham.* Neuer make known what you haue seen to night.

*Boib.* My Lord, we will not.

*Ham.* Nay, but swear't.

*Hor.* In faith my Lord, not I.

*Mar.* Nor I my Lord: in faith.

*Ham.* Vpon my sword.

*Marcell.* We haue sworne my Lord already.

*Ham.* Indeed, vpon my sword. Indeed.

*Gho.* Swear. *Ghost cries vnder the Stage.*

*Ham.* Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-  
penny? Come one you here this fellow in the felleredge  
Consent to swear.

*Hor.* Propose the Oath my Lord.

*Ham.* Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene,  
Swear by my sword.

*Gho.* Swear.

*Ham.* *Hic & oblique?* Then wee'l shift for grownd,  
Come hither Gentlemen,  
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,  
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:  
Swear by my Sword.

*Gho.* Swear.

*Ham.* Well said old Mole, can't worke i't' ground so  
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.

*Hor.* Oh day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.  
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio,*  
Then are dream't of in our Philosophy. But come,  
Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,  
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;  
(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet  
To put an Anticke disposition on:)  
That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall  
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;  
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase;  
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,  
Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,  
Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,

*That*

That you know ought of me; this not to doe:  
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:  
Swear.

*Ghost.* Swear.

*Ham.* Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,  
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;  
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,  
May doe't expresse his loue and friending to you,  
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,  
And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,  
The time is out of ioynt: Oh cursed spight,  
That euer I was borne to set it right,  
Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Secundus.

*Enter Polonius and Reynoldo.*

*Polon.* Giue him his money, and these notes Reynoldo.

*Reynol.* I will my Lord.

*Polon.* You shall doe maruels wisely: good Reynoldo,  
Before you visite him you make inquiry  
Of his behaviour.

*Reynol.* My Lord, I did intend it.

*Polon.* Marry, well said;

Very well said. Looke you Sir,

Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;

And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe;

What company, at what expence: and finding

By this encompassement and drift of question,

That they doe know my sonne: Come you more neerer

Then your particular demands will touch it,

Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,

And thus I know his father and his friends,

And in part him. Doe you marke this Reynoldo?

*Reynol.* I, very well my Lord.

*Polon.* And in part him, but you may say not well;

But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;

Addicted so and so; and there put on him

What forgeries you please: marry, none so ranke,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that:

But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,

As are Companions noted and most knowne

To youth and liberty.

*Reynol.* As gaming my Lord.

*Polon.* I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

Quarelling, drabbing, You may goe so farre.

*Reynol.* My Lord that would dishonour him.

*Polon.* Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;

You must not put another scandall on him,

That hee is open to Incontinencie;

That's not my meaning; but breath his faults so quaintly,

That they may seeme the taints of liberty;

The flash and out-broke of a fiery minde;

A sauagenes in vnrclaim'd bloud of generall assault.

*Reynol.* But my good Lord.

*Polon.* Wherefore should you doe this?

*Reynol.* I my Lord, I would know that.

*Polon.* Marry Sir, heere's my drift,

And I belieue it is a fetch of warrant:

You laying these slight floures on my Sonne,

As 'twere a thing a little soild i't' working;

Marke you your party in conuulse; him you would

Haue euer seene. In the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd  
He closes with you in this consequence:  
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.  
According to the Phrase and the Addition,  
Of man and Country.

*Reynol.* Very good my Lord.

*Polon.* And then Sir does he this?

He does: what was I about to say?

I was about to say something: where did I leaue?

*Reynol.* At closes in the consequence:

At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

*Polon.* At closes in the consequence, I marry,

He closes with you thus: I know the Gentleman;

I saw him yesterday, or tother day;

Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,

There was he gaming, there o'reooke in's Rouse;

There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of sale;

*Videlicet,* a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;

Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth;

And thus doe we of wisdom and of reach

With windleses, and with assaies of Bias,

By indirections finde directions out:

So by my former Lecture and aduice

Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

*Reynol.* My Lord I haue.

*Polon.* God buy you; fare you well.

*Reynol.* Good my Lord.

*Polon.* Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

*Reynol.* I shall my Lord.

*Polon.* And let him pley his Musicke.

*Reynol.* Well, my Lord. *Exit.*

*Enter Ophelia.*

*Polon.* Farewell:

How now Ophelia, what's the matter?

*Oph.* Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted.

*Polon.* With what, in the name of Heauen?

*Oph.* My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,

Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbraid'd,

No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd,

Vngarterd, and downe giued to his Anckle,

Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

And with a looke so pitions in purport,

As if he had been look'd out of hell,

To speake of horrors: he comes before me.

*Polon.* Mad for thy Loue?

*Oph.* My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.

*Polon.* What said he?

*Oph.* He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arme;

And with his other hand thus o're his brow,

He falls to such perusall of my face,

As he would draw it. Long staid he so,

At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:

And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;

He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,

That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,

And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,

And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd,

He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,

For out aderes he went without their helpe;

And to the last, bended their light on me.

*Polon.* Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,

This is the very extasie of Loue,

Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,

And